

"I ..."

That word followed by whatever you ad becomes true.

I just stopped smoking. For nights i was sweating cold. I had to change the sheets and dry myself. So you saying you still enjoy that poison and bad smell is believable but the total opposite of what I feel about tobacco.

Unfortunately I "needed" tobacco to smoke the cbd-weed. So stupid I was. I smoked that combination until I had to get some coal filter to make the air bubbles not be a problem for me. Those air bubbles I found out about on a site that collects data on smoking weed.

With that coal filter smoking felt different. Since I am strong willed I continued, but the pleasure was 50% less. I know I could have gotten a vaporizer, but I was too much into holding the cig and also the feel of it when smoking. To have an electric device being my best buddy does not work for me. For quite a while I did so, until I finally got sage, rosebuds and mint to replace the tobacco for I was already used to not get the most out of smoking any more.

Then I stopped smoking all together. How did that happen? I had a cig in the ashtray waiting for me at all times. I used to take two sucks and place it in the ashtray to wait for me. The intervals have gotten so long, when I realized I could as well throw tobacco, ashtray and the lighters away.

The last cig I carried with me when leaving the house, pretending to be able to smoke, if I ever wanted.

Some time later I met a guy I liked and I started smoking with him. The first time I smoked not just two sucks since years this was! I could not say a word for the rest of the evening, it was a form of mutism. Then I slowly got accustomed to be able to smoke and talk. I then smoked with him and bought tobacco and made the filters myself.

Then I got bored, for he had left and I don't enjoy smoking alone. So I wanted to get rid of it again. In the first night I was sweating everything wet in my bed. I had to get up two times to blow-dry stuff and get comfortable again. During the day I was fine, no cravings. The second night I still was sweating, the third and fourth night were already better.

It's the jacket of my father hanging in the hallway that smelled of tobacco even though he was a non-smoker that repelled me when I was a child that planted the idea into my head of not liking tobacco. Later I

said to people: I hate tobacco. And still I say so. If you would visit me and we had a smoke, I would smoke with pleasure, still THINKING by myself, like when looking at the tobacco instead of looking at you, that I hate tobacco ... -That's the way to get to the 120th birthday enjoying it.

Once born, we first start using our mouth to get fed. That carves a first trail into a field of snow not having been walked upon into the brains. Until triggered into using the mouth for smoking, eating, drinking or talking in an abusing way, years pass, making that first trail even broader until it's a highway. Conditioning happens. When we hear the postman waking us up, we tend to wake up minutes earlier. Our mouth to be there for so many things makes it even be the tool we use, when we have no hands free. -We spontaneously open bottles with our mouth, when we have no other means.

These observations make me want to talk more and never get back to using my mouth for smoking any more for it is a strenuous to quit later on.

Yes, we need to drink, eat and talk. But we don't have to smoke. To limit the amount of bad stuff I would eat and drink from now on, I created this hypnosis. I know my auto suggestions that started with my fathers jacket smelling like an ashtray was key to be able to stop just like that. Now I need to take care to not fall into another bad habit like eating sweets or drinking soda.